

You want sex-ice?

Just get some
of that there
Charlotte Rampling.

Catch hold
of your kinky
machine. Avert

your eyes to
save them--like

the villages
we've savaged

under God. As
the world goes...

from darkness in
that woman.

In all of us
you PC-frame. Oh?

She burns
beside words,

does our
Charlotte. Un-

less they're
the hotter game.